

BRAVE KATE SHELLEY.

Oh, but the night was wild and dark, and the Oh, but the lightning flashed and shot across the sky like a giant's hand.

While the thunder crashed and rolled, and the wind howled, and the rain fell like a deluge, Kate Shelley stood at her cottage door, and peered out into the night.

For she saw, slow creeping through the storm, the little train of the West, and she knew that it must cross the trestle-bridge above the swollen creek.

It stood—its engine and its cars, with one long, low, and slender.

"Kate, stay!" the mother cried; but the young soul rose high—

"Nay, mother, I must try to help, though I should fail or die!"

She finds the wreck, but cannot save, yet from the deep below

A man shouts up two frightened words. She answers him: "I know."

The train! the train! the swift express! the crowded Western train!

How shall she quicken the wheels? By But to Molozoua's! But a mile, and yet so wild and drear.

To brave through the stormy night the stoutest heart might fear.

Then by the undergrowth, and drenched, the wind and rain doth.

She reaches the trestle, and the bridge that spans the chasm.

A bridge not built for human tread, but "Oh!" a bridge of full four hundred feet, nothing but rails and ties.

No plank the daring steps to hold, and if a step should miss, below her, rolls the watery abyss.

So on her hands and knees she creeps, right, staining the timbers with her blood, yet heeding not the pain.

Then on and on she bravely sped! Thick darkness round her lay.

Save when the stars and planets made a still more dreadful day!

Yet raging stream, and roaring wind, and terror being

Delayed her not; one thought had she—to save the coming train.

At length the bridge is fairly crossed. Blood-tinged and out of breath.

She yet has half a mile to run—a fearful race with Death!

O'er fallen trees, o'er rocks, through creeks, and through the wind and rain, she runs.

She sees the way-side station-house and its one glimmering light.

Then all forewent, with failing strength, she pushes up the door;

With trembling eyes and parted lips, she stands upon the floor.

"The engine!" she cries, "the engine's wrecked! Oh, stop the train!"

The man springs to the saving wires—she has not come in vain.

Then tenderly they comfort her. They ask: "How did it come?"

And, hearing, lift their hearts and hats, and are a moment dumb.

No soul among them would have dared the passage dark and wild:

Ah! but God's angels had a charge to keep this noble child.

O brave Kate Shelley! though hard toil thy daily portion be,

Mother, with a happy pride, now name their daughters after thee!

And every child that hears thy tale shares in thy noble strain.

And darest that perilous path with thee to save the coming train!

—Mary A. Barr, in Harper's Young People.

THE MYSTERY OF THE VILLAGE.

In the southern part of France, about seventy miles from the Mediterranean, is a place called T—, it is now hardly more than a small town, and possesses not above a thousand inhabitants; but in the latter part of the last century it was more than ten times its present size, and its church, in ruins, was then one of the most beautiful ever seen in that part of the country.

This church was finished in the year 1795, and was, for a long time, the great object of curiosity for miles around. It was of the Gothic and Romanesque style of architecture, and was not only finely proportioned on the exterior, but had, within, a magnificent organ of decoration that astonished one more and more, the longer he gazed upon it.

The church, unlike some of the older ones standing at that time, had a magnificent organ. This had been paid for by a separate subscription, raised in small sums by the common people, and, having been built by skillful workmen in Bordeaux, was at length set up in the church amid considerable enthusiasm and excitement.

But who should play this grand instrument?

How should a competent organist be selected?

The people were greatly interested in the matter, and discussed it on the corner of the *rues*, in the *brasseries*, or *taverns*, and for a period of six or eight weeks you might be sure, if you saw more than two people talking earnestly together, that they were deliberating upon the choice of an organist.

Since the people, both high and low, had so freely contributed for the purchase of the organ, it was thought very proper that they should be allowed to choose a person to play it. And the decision being thus left to the multitude, the most feasible plan that was suggested was that all should go, on an appointed day, to the church, and should then listen to the playing of the various candidates.

There were, in all, nearly a score of aspiring musicians in and near the town, and each of these, hoping for a favorable decision for himself, gave no end of little suppers and parties, so that the influential ones among the townsmen fared sumptuously from all. But out of the entire number there were two, between whom the choice really lay. These were Baptiste Lacombe and Raoul Tegot.

The former of these had lived in the town only five years. He had come from Bruges, so he said, and although he was astonished everybody by his skill, he had not been liked, from the first. He was very reserved and parsimonious, and his eye never met, frankly, the person with whom he talked. But no harm was known of him, and he found in Traitegou plenty of exercise for his art.

Raoul Tegot, on the contrary, was a native of the town; and, together with his young son, Francois, was beloved by all. He had married one of the village maidens, and had been so inseparable at her death, which occurred when Francois was a baby, that he never thought more of marriage; but devoted himself to his child and his art.

He was certainly a very able musician, and being so universally liked, many people urged that a public performance be dispensed with, and that he be elected at once. But although Baptiste Lacombe was not liked, his skill found many admirers; and, besides, it was flattering to the worthy country folk to think of sitting solemnly in judgment at the great church; and so the proposed plan was adhered to.

Finally, then, the expected day was at hand, and, according to the arrangements previously made, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, the three great doors of the church were swung open, and the throng, orderly and even dignified, entered and filled the edifice.

The seats, which, in French churches

and cathedrals, are movable, had all been taken away, and the crowd, quite filled the whole space. All male inhabitants of the town who were over twenty years of age were to vote, and each, the town-officials and the poorest artisan alike, had one ballot.

The great and beautiful organ took up nearly the whole of the large gallery over the entrance and extended up into the clear-story until it was mingled with the supports of the roof.

In the organ-loft the candidates were crowded together in eager expectation, and all glances that passed from one to another were of the kindest. Each of them had been allowed several hours, at some time during the week, for practice on the instrument, and each doubtless considered himself deserving of the position.

Presently, when all was still, Monsieur Jules Emile Gautier, a very learned gentleman of the town, who had been chosen for that purpose, ascended the steps of the stairway which curved up and around the richly carved pulpit, and announced the name of the person who was to begin.

I should not be able to give, in detail, the progress of the trial, for the history of the affair is not minute enough for that. But suffice it to say, that the last name on the list was Raoul Tegot; and the name immediately preceding it was that of Baptiste Lacombe.

At length, in his turn, Monsieur Lacombe, his iron-gray hair disordered, his hands rubbing together nervously, and his eyes flashing—as was afterward remarked upon—with a malicious fire, stepped forward and along to the organ-seat, and, for a few moments, arranged his steps.

Then he began lightly and delicately, creeping up through the varied registers of the noble instrument, blending the beautiful sounds into wonderful combinations, now and then working in a sweet melody, and then again upward until the grand harmonies of the full organ rolled forth. There was something mysterious and awe-inspiring in the effort. It seemed to the people that they had never heard music before.

The music ceased. The people came back to their seats, and, looking in each other's faces, said, with one breath: "Wonderful!"

Gradually they recovered their sober judgment, and then, mingled with the murmurs of admiration were heard the remarks, "That is fine, but Raoul Tegot will make us forget it!" "Yes, wait until you hear Raoul Tegot!"

Soon Monsieur Gautier ascended the two steps of the pulpit and called the name of their kind, generous townsman.

All waited breathlessly. All eyes were turned toward the organ-loft. The musicians there looked around and at each other. But poor Raoul Tegot could not be seen.

Where was he? The people waited and wondered, but he did not come. Monsieur Baptiste Lacombe was greatly excited, and was wiping the perspiration from his heated face. "Perhaps he was afraid to come," he ventured to remark, "to make near him, at the same time looking out of a window."

Several noticed his agitation, but they only said, "Ah, Mon Dieu, how he did play! No wonder that he is nervous."

The disquiet and confusion in the nave and aisles increased. A messenger had been sent to look for the missing man, but he could not be found.

What was to be done?

Really, some friends of Monsieur Lacombe made bold to urge his immediate election, declaring that the last far passed all competitors; and they even hinted at cowardice on the part of Raoul Tegot.

This insinuation was indignantly denied by Tegot's friends, who were very numerous but helpless; they knew their friend too well to believe him capable of such conduct. He was, they said, probably detained somewhere by an accident.

But wherever he was, he was not present; and when a vote was taken, hastily, by a showing of hands, Monsieur Baptiste Lacombe had ten times as many ballots as any other person, and, of course, poor Monsieur Tegot, not having competed, was not balloted for at all.

The people dispersed to their homes, some in vexation that their favorite had not appeared, others in a little alarm at the strange absence of Raoul Tegot. Tegot had not seen his father since early morning, and could not conjecture where he might be.

The next day the missing organist did not appear, and his friends began to inquire and to search for him. But they were wholly unsuccessful. A little boy said that he had seen him go into the church with Monsieur Lacombe early that morning; but Monsieur Lacombe said, very dryly, that he had not seen him, and he had fallen into the trap of his own lies, so that the missing man had left the church an hour later to go to a cottage at the edge of the town, where he was to give a lesson in singing.

So the affair lay wrapped in mystery. There were many surmises, but nothing definite was known. A few expressed suspicion of the rival candidate, but the organ was too great to be thrown rashly upon anybody. Thus no progress in the inquiry was made.

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Months and years passed away, and nothing was known of the young man. His son, now come to the years of manhood, always declared that he had failed to find him, and he had been absent from the town willingly, and he firmly believed that he had met with a violent death. More than this he would not say; but sometimes when he looked toward Monsieur Baptiste Lacombe—still the respected organist of the church—his eyes were observed to flash meaningly.

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After the first moment of surprise had passed, they began to get back their wits; and the young man advised that they send for several strong men and lift out the pipe.

This seemed sensible, and in a half hour the men were at hand and the pipe was drawn down to the level of the organ-loft and laid horizontally. The workmen had been informed of the nature of their work, and they were under intense excitement. The pipe was very long, and the body was at least five feet from the top. One of the workmen reached in a pole having a hook at the end, and the next minute drew forth the dead body of the sinister old organist, Baptiste Lacombe.

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Young Tegot now seemed to master himself by a great effort, and, motioning the workmen back, he advanced, and, lifting the bundle, he opened it out into a more convenient position; and, solemnly, as if to himself, "I have long suspected something was wrong, and now I shall know."

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Despite the fact that he expected the revelation that now came, he started a little back, for the opening revealed a piece of cloth, a coat, which even the town official could recollect to be the coat of the long-lost organist, Raoul Tegot, Francois's father.

The young man stepped back and sank again into his seat, and the others, coming forward, laid the bag quite open, and drew forth a watch and an embroidered vest; in a pocket of the coat was found a purse. "Here is an old treasure," said one of the workmen, holding up a locket of dull gold.

Francois seized it and opened it. The color forsook his face and his eyes filled with tears. He simply said:

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"My mother."

The town official now whispered to the surprised organ-builder that the villainous Lacombe had killed poor Tegot on the morning of the trial, and had secreted the body in some unknown place and hidden the valuables here.

Frightened by the fear of discovery, he had hoped to remove the treasures, and had fallen into the trap of his own lies, so that the missing man had left the church an hour later to go to a cottage at the edge of the town, where he was to give a lesson in singing.

So the affair lay wrapped in mystery. There were many surmises, but nothing definite was known. A few expressed suspicion of the rival candidate, but the organ was too great to be thrown rashly upon anybody. Thus no progress in the inquiry was made.

Man life did not mean so much in those stormy days after the Revolution as formerly, and the mysterious disappearance, without being in the least cleared up, gradually faded from men's minds and passed out of their conversation.

Months and years passed away, and nothing was known of the young man. His son, now come to the years of manhood, always declared that he had failed to find him, and he had been absent from the town willingly, and he firmly believed that he had met with a violent death. More than this he would not say; but sometimes when he looked toward Monsieur Baptiste Lacombe—still the respected organist of the church—his eyes were observed to flash meaningly.

There was to be a grand *fete* in the church, and a great preparation was made. The organ needed repairs, it was decided to take it to the workshop, and one of the builders from Bordeaux was sent for.

He was to come on Thursday; and he was to begin work early the following morning. That night, a light glimmered out of the darkness of the gallery of the church.

Two days passed. The repairing of the organ went on, but there was much to be done and it might take a week. One afternoon, as Francois passed through the center of the village, two men came hurriedly out of the town-house and hastened away toward the church. It was the organ-builder, very much excited, and one of the officials of the town. The young man, venturing on his well-known skill as an organist, followed them; and the three entered the building. A few weeks later, the great altar, and the sacred edifice seemed unusually quiet and peaceful.

The organ-builder seemed too agitated to answer the questions that the town official asked him, but led the way quickly to the organ-loft. "Put

your foot on that pedal!" he said, excitedly, pointing to a particular one of the stave.

The official was too bewildered to comply, and Francois did it for him.

"Now try the next one!" said he.

Francois did so, but no sound came; only a queer, intermittent rumbling like a bounding and stumbling.

"It does not sound," said the organ-builder. "Follow me and I will show you why."

"It never has sounded since the great trial-day, years ago," muttered the young man. But he followed on.

They clambered up a rickety staircase, a still more rickety ladder, and came to a platform at a level with the top of the organ; and all around them, reaching up out of the dim light below, were the open pipes. Passing hurriedly around on a narrow plank to the back of the organ, their agitated guide paused before a row of immense pedal pipes, and without allowing his own eyes to look, he held the light that he carried for the others.

Both looked down into the cavernous tube that he indicated, and both started back in surprise and fear.

"It is a man's legs!" gasped the frightened town official.

After the first moment of surprise had passed, they began to get back their wits; and the young man advised that they send for several strong men and lift out the pipe.

This seemed sensible, and in a half hour the men were at hand and the pipe was drawn down to the level of the organ-loft and laid horizontally. The workmen had been informed of the nature of their work, and they were under intense excitement. The pipe was very long, and the body was at least five feet from the top. One of the workmen reached in a pole having a hook at the end, and the next minute drew forth the dead body of the sinister old organist, Baptiste Lacombe.

There was a pause of silent horror. Nobody cared particularly for the dead man, but the manner of his death was terrible.

"How did it happen?" whispered one.

"Perhaps it was suicide," answered another.

They began to more closely examine the large tube. Francois Tegot, who, though much far cooler than the others, seemed unable to stand, pointed to the hand of the dead man, which was tightly clenched upon a small cord. One of the workmen approached, and with some difficulty drew out the line; and a new thrill of expectation went through the silent company when they saw, attached to the end of the line, an old leather bundle covered with dust.

Young Tegot now seemed to master himself by a great effort, and, motioning the workmen back, he advanced, and, lifting the bundle, he opened it out into a more convenient position; and, solemnly, as if to himself, "I have long suspected something was wrong, and now I shall know."

Then he examined the bag, and at length took from his pocket a knife and carefully cut open one side.

Despite the fact that he expected the revelation that now came, he started a little back, for the opening revealed a piece of cloth, a coat, which even the town official could recollect to be the coat of the long-lost organist, Raoul Tegot, Francois's father.

The young man stepped back and sank again into his seat, and the others, coming forward, laid the bag quite open, and drew forth a watch and an embroidered vest; in a pocket of the coat was found a purse. "Here is an old treasure," said one of the workmen, holding up a locket of dull gold.

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He was to come on Thursday; and he was to begin work early the following morning. That night,

IRANIAN ARMY AT THE FRONT

T. JUDD,
DENTIST.

Antes his work in every branch of Dentistry.
Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when
desired for the painless extraction of Teeth.
The new method employed by the laser-
arctic teeth without the use of plates.
New Block, West Side Janesville Wt.

NANS & FETHERS,
WINANS. OGDEN H. FETHERS.
Jewelry
Watches & Counselors.

Janesville, Wis.
A new style of Jewelry's new dry goods store, near
the Postoffice
noted daily

O. H. McCAUSEY
SURGEON DENTIST

In Talman's Block, opposite First Na-
tional Bank, West Milwaukee Street, Janesville,
Wis., Preservation of Natural Teeth a
Specialty. Nitrous Oxide gas administered for
painless extraction of teeth. Feb 2nd w

JUDD & CARPENTER,
Attorneys to Cassoday & Carpenter
CORNEYS-AT-LAW!

Former Main and Milwaukee streets, in
Talman's Block, JANEVILLE, WIS.
ED. F. CARPENTER

D.R. M. A. NEWMAN,
Dental Surgeon,

Smith & Jackson a Block, over Rock
National Bank, Janesville, Wis. Frac-
ture of Teeth, Painless Extractions, Nitrous Oxide gas for the painless extraction of
teeth. sep 2nd w

CIT COURT, ROCK COUNTY.—Charles
complaint, plaintiff vs. Ann O'Rourke, John
O'Rourke, E. C. Greer, defendants. The com-
plaint was filed in the court aforesaid:
of Wisconsin, to the said Defendants,
each of them:

I am hereby summoned to appear within
ten days after service of this summons ex-
cept on the day of service, and defend the
said complaint in the court aforesaid;
in case of your failure so to do, judgment
will be entered against you according to the
contents of the complaint; of which a copy is
served upon you. [The said complaint
is in the office of the clerk of said court
this day of November, 1881.]

PEASE & RUGER,
Attorneys, for Plaintiff, or Plaintiff,
Address, Janesville, Rock county, Wis.
Feb 6d w

CIT COURT, ROCK COUNTY.—Marian-
ne O'Rourke, Edwin B. Sheldoe, William
Greene, Andrew B. Greer, and others, Ex-
ecutors and trustees under the last
testament of William B. Ogden, de-
ceased, plaintiffs, vs. Michael Gallagher, de-
fendant.

of Wisconsin, to the said defendant,
each of them:

I am hereby summoned to appear within
ten days after service of this summons ex-
cept on the day of service, and defend the
said complaint in the court aforesaid;
in case of your failure so to do, judgment
will be entered against you according to the
contents of the complaint; of which a copy is
served upon you. [The complaint in
question was filed in the office of the clerk
of said court Dec. 7th, 1881.]

PEASE & RUGER,
Attorneys, for Plaintiffs,
Address, Janesville, Rock County, Wis.
Feb 6d w

CIT COURT OF WISCONSIN—COUNTY COURT

and County Clerk, on the third Tuesday of
 January, 1933, to clock, p. m. the follow-
 ing: 1. The record and the following docu-
 ment of the account of Charles F.
 the administrator of the estate of
 (Madison) deceased, and the City of
 of assignment, - Dec. 11, 1931.
 Court. AMOS P. FRICHARD,
 County Judge.
 decdcew7w
 COURT FOR ROCK COUNTY, - J. A.
 A. Sloper, executor of the estate of
 of Charles Norton, deceased.
 wife, Nancy E. Child and W. B. Lav-
 endants.
 he as in pursuance of a judgment of
 the said court, rendered in the above en-
 titled case, at a regular term of the Circuit
 Court for Rock County, Wisconsin, on the 26th
 of November, A. D. 1932, and in the above
 judgment plaintiff and against the above
 defendants, I shall offer for sale and sell
 the property, to the highest bidder, at the
 of the post office in the city of Janesville
 of Rock County, Wisconsin.
 21st day of January, A. D. 1932.
 clock in the afternoon of that day, the
 described premises (to be sold and being
 of Bradford, in the county of Rock
 of Wisconsin, and known as the west
 northwest quarter known as the west
 181 in township number two (2) north
 of section four (4) north of range
 may be sufficient to satisfy and pay all
 charges and interest and costs of sale,
 and he will separately with and against
 the parties in interest. Dated Decem-
 ber, 1931.
 H. L. SKRAWLEY,
 Sheriff Rock Co. Wis.
 - ARPENTER, Plaintiff's Atty, Janes-
 decdcew7w
 COURT FOR ROCK COUNTY, - Da-
 -rie and Charles H. Carpenter, plain-
 at Margaret Norton (deceased) and
 of a mechanic's lien judgment of
 and sale, rendered in the above en-
 titled, at a regular term of the Circuit
 Court for Rock County held at Janesville,

county, on the 2nd day of December, 1887, in favor of the above named defendant against the above named defendant offer for sale and sell at public auction the highest bidder, at the front door of the house in said city of Janesville and Block.

Witness my hand and seal of office, this 10th day of January, A. D. 1882.

I, JAMES H. BROWN, Clerk of said circuit court, do hereby certify that the foregoing is true and correct and all the right title and interest in the premises herein described belong to the defendant Margaret Norton had as of the 1st day of April, 1881, or which she claiming under her has since acquired by lot number eight (8) in block number 12 in South's addition to Janesville upon which said house is situated and thereof as may be sufficient to judgment, interest and cost of sale.

Dated, January, 3d, 1881.

H. L. SKAVLEM,
Sheriff Rock Co., Wis.
"ARPERENT, Plaintiff's Attorneys,
Wis." de2dcocw7w

COURT, ROCK COUNTY - Cor-
Peterson, Plaintiff, vs. Peter C. Pe-
dant.

Wisconsin, to the said defendant:
You are hereby summoned to appear within
after service of this summons, ex-
day of service, and defend the de-
in the action in the captioned cause;
if failure to so do, judgment will
be entered against you according to the de-
mand of complaint of which a copy is
deposited upon you.

BENNETT & SALE,
Plaintiff's Attorneys,
Janesville, Rock county, Wis-
consin w7w

39t
Monthly Drawing of the
MONTE CARLO
EXTRACTION OF THE

of the City of Louisville on
ay, November 31st,
 ings occur monthly (Sundays ex-
 provisions of an Act of the Gener-
 of Kentucky
 States Circuit Court on March 31st
 following decisions:
 Commonwealth Distribution
 al
 ings are fair.
 y list of prizes on hand a large recovery
 list of prizes for the
OTHER DRAWING.
 \$30,000 100 prize 100 each 10,000
 10,000 20 " 20 " 10,000
 5,000 100 " 10 " 10,000
 1,000 1,000 " 10 " 10,000
 10,000 1,000 " 10 " 10,000
 Approximation Prizes...\$2,700
 1,800
 1,000
 \$12,400
 \$12,400
 55 Tickets, \$1 ea.
 MONEY IN LETTER, EX HONOR
 or Bank Draft in Letter, or send
 MONEY BY REGISTERED
 POST, OR BY EXPRESS, can be sent at
 100 A. M. 1864 A. B. B. B. B.
 Journal Building, Louisville
 BOARDMAN, 30 Broadway, New

THE GAZETTE.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 19.

The circulation of the GAZETTE is larger than that of any other newspaper in Rock county.

BUSINESS & PLEASURE.

WHITBY jet goods at Mrs. Sandler's.

PICTURE FRAMES, cheap, at Warren Collins's.

"Know thyself" may be an excellent sort of proverb, but it's forcing a pretty tough acquaintance on some folks.

LADIES and gentlemen—I have a fine line of the most acceptable Christmas presents; Fine Oxford Smoking Sets, Meerschaum Pipes, Meerschaum Cigar Holders, Meerschaum Cigarette Holders, Cigar Cases, Cigarette Cases, Fine French Briar Pipes, Fine Havana Cigars, by the box at wholesale prices.

Jas. S. CLARK, O. P. O.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, at Warren Collins. Autographs, velvet frames, and Christmas goods.

SOMETHING NEW—A new departure in violin strings. I have just received a stock of the celebrated *Sinac* strings, made from the cords and sinews. The finest articles in the market. Call and see them. Walter Helms, 17 Main street.

INQUIRE! No; we don't love dogs at all. The reason we keep three big ones is that we don't like our neighbors.

NEEDLES for all machines 18 cents per dozen at Singer Office.

Will the "coming man" shut the door after him? He will coming in this office, the going man will go out of the window.

WARREN COLLINS is Santa Claus' headquarters.

BUFFALO robes cheap at Wm. Sandler's Myers house block, East Milwaukee street.

A LITTLE boy remarked, "I like grandpa because he is such a gentlemanly man; he always tells me to help myself to sugar."

HOUSE blankets cheap at Wm. Sandler's Myers house block, East Milwaukee street.

Tax had boy takes the cake—away from his little sister.

WOLF robes at Wm. Sandler's, Myers house block East Milwaukee street.

"Sweet 16" has taken a back seat. The most nifty age is now 2-2.

\$100.00 REWARD FOR A BETTER REMEDY.—Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for Piles. See advertisement in another column. Price \$1.00.

WHISTLER was on rest, because he anticipated his own death, in his dictionary that the verb "speak" is to die.

STOP THAT COUGH—Moore's Pectoral Pouches are warranted to cure any case. Try them. Price 25 cents per bottle.

The cost of cleaning the streets of the city of London proper, for the year ending at the beginning of October last, was \$110,770, and the expense of paving was \$1,000,000. Granite, \$51,255; wood, \$87,160; asphalt, \$93,235.

TRUNKS and suitcases cheap at Wm. Sandler's, Myers house block, East Milwaukee street.

"Does it pay to keep chickens?" asks a correspondent in Yellow Springs. Of course not, you lunatic; it pays to sell 'em.

FOR SALE.—\$1200 will buy a large house and lot, with good barn, on South Main street. Small payment down, long time on balance. Inquire at Gazette office.

The music at Beecher's church last year cost \$5,270.

For Toilet and Holiday goods call on Prentice and Evenson, the Drugists of the Free office, Janesville, Wis.

They sell Olor Cases, Cologne Sets, Toilet Cases and Perfumes very cheap.

SOME men are so extremely careful that they will lock themselves up in the back office for a week to avoid drafts—especially sight drafts.—*Parlor Transcript.*

It's NONSENSE—to suffer with dyspepsia or pleurisy, or inflammation of the kidneys, when by going to the Grand hotel or to Stearns & Baker's drugstore, you can get a bottle of E. S. Reynolds' wonderful discovery, which will give immediate relief, and effect a permanent cure. If not, your money will be refunded. Also, a sure cure for catarrh of the head, go to Stearns & Baker's for sample bottles, free.

Ladies' and Gents' Stationery. For a good article of Writing Paper, Envelopes, Ink, etc., at reasonable prices, call at Sutherland's Bookstore. feb14dw

\$1500 per year can be easily made at home working for E. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay Street, New York. Send for their catalogue and full particulars. nov23dw

A CARD. To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. INMAN, Station D, New York City. nov10dw

RAILROAD TIME TABLE	
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.	
TRAINS LEAVE.	
For Chicago and East, via Beloit.	11:00 A. M.
For Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	9:27 A. M.
For Beloit, Rock Island and South.	12:40 P. M.
For Beloit, Rock Island and South.	11:00 A. M.
For Beloit, Rock Island and South.	2:00 P. M.
For Beloit, Rock Island and South.	1:45 P. M.
For Beloit, Rock Island and South.	7:07 P. M.
For Beloit, Rock Island and South.	7:00 A. M.
For Beloit, Rock Island and South.	7:07 P. M.
For Beloit, Rock Island and South.	1:45 P. M.
For Beloit, Rock Island and South.	1:30 P. M.
From Chicago and East, via Beloit.	3:27 P. M.
From Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	5:30 P. M.
From Beloit, Rock Island and South.	7:07 P. M.
From Beloit, Rock Island and South.	3:27 P. M.
From Beloit, Rock Island and South.	9:27 A. M.
From Beloit, Rock Island and South.	1:45 P. M.
From Beloit, Rock Island and South.	7:07 P. M.
From Beloit, Rock Island and South.	1:45 P. M.
From Beloit, Rock Island and South.	1:30 P. M.

Chicago & Northwestern.	
Trains at Janesville Station.	
GOING NORTH.	
Day Express.	1:40 P. M.
From Janesville, Chicago and East.	8:45 P. M.
GOING SOUTH.	
Day Express.	12:50 P. M.
From Janesville, Chicago and East.	7:00 A. M.
ARLON BRANCH.	
From Beloit, mixed.	9:20 A. M.
From Beloit, mixed.	10:25 A. M.
From Beloit, mixed.	3:15 P. M.
From Beloit, mixed.	8:40 P. M.
PRESS SERVICE.	
For Beloit, mixed.	7:45 A. M.
For Beloit, mixed.	9:40 A. M.
For Beloit, mixed.	2:30 P. M.
For Beloit, mixed.	6:40 P. M.

W. H. STENNETT, General Passenger Agent.

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT NIGHT. —At the usual time the "song of seven" may be heard. That's all the prisoners there are now.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union meets to-morrow afternoon in the parlors of the Baptist church.

Four nights at Apollo hall commencing this evening under the auspices of St. Mary's church.

Some of the coming Christmas entertainments have been arranged for next Saturday night, and others for next Monday night.

Janesville is highly favored. Not even a case of violence in this city. Few cities of its size in the northwest can make such a record.

The town of Clinton is the first in this county to pay its State tax into the treasury, the money having been brought to the strong box last Saturday.

The Clerk's Court did nothing of public interest to lay, the Writers' case being continued until to-morrow morning, when more evidence will be taken.

Prot. Sovereign's dancing school will be held at Cannon's hall Wednesday afternoon and evening. Those interested at short notice change in mind.

The "cold and stormy weather," with heavy snow storms and "dust" set down in Vendor's prospectus for the 16th sent to have been delayed somewhere on the road.

There will be a meeting of the Christian church at 7:30 to-morrow evening at 7:30 o'clock, at the residence of Thomas Lippman. All concerned are requested to be present, as the business of the late Christmas Market is to be completed.

A very attractive and a fine new sign has been placed on the outside of the building corner of Milwaukee and River streets, calling attention to the fact that Dr. McCauley's dental rooms are located there. The sign is the work of Rogers & Hutchinson, and is in keeping with the beauty of the office to which it calls attention.

Swindlers are always devising new tricks to catch unwary farmers. The latest way of playing the note dodge is for a man to represent himself as a stock buyer, purchase a drove of hogs, to be delivered in the future, pay \$10 to bind the bargain, and take a receipt from the seller. The receipt proves to be a negotiable note. In dealing with strangers one cannot be too cautious.

The Bower City Files will give their 4th annual reception and ball January 20th, 1892. They will make it one of the grandest military balls ever given in this part of the country. Anderson's full band has been engaged for the occasion.

The well-known case of Sexton vs. Snyder is having a trial by jury in the Municipal Court today. This case was tried twice before Justice Prechard, the jury each time disagreeing. The third trial resulted in favor of the defendant, and now it is being tried on an appeal.

A social party is to be given by Janesville Grange, at their hall in the town of Janesville, Tuesday evening, December 27. The floor managers are G. R. Barker, Janesville; Frank Finch, La Prairie; Jim Gage, Harmony, and Will Evenson, of this city. Tackwood's full band is to furnish music, and a general good time is promised.

Bolton saloons are trying to work up the trade by advertising hot sausage lunches. Right alongside of the announcement of this great attraction, appears in the Free Press an account of the death of a large hunting dog. Foreman should be careful how they make up a paper. Unjust suspicions may be roused which will damage trade.

The Court Street Sunday school are arranging for a pleasing Christmas entertainment next Saturday evening, in the church. "The Land of Nod" will be given, a happy showing of dream-land in which about twenty-five will appear in costume. Tableau, recitations, music, and Christmas trees will be also added to the entertainment, which will be a treat for all.

Punctured silver coins do not seem so plenty as they were a short time ago. The fact that they are so scarce has driven many out of the market, but the disappearance is due to another cause as well. Many of the punched coins have been doctored, the holes having been filled up with lead, and slightly coated with quicksilver, and passed off, as whole.

The storekeepers must keep their eyes wide open to look after these doctored coins.

Fred Tuller, of the town of Union, has turned his Nimrod powers to good advantage. He shot two old wolves and came into the county clerk's office Saturday afternoon with the scalps hanging to his belt, and drew from the county \$10 for each, and also \$6 each from the State, making his enterprise pay him in all \$32. There have been 32 wolves killed in this county this year, for which the county's bounty amounts to \$185.

T. J. Salaman, well known here as the late proprietor of the Grand hotel, has sent to Col. Corkhill, Washington, from his present home in Calmar, Iowa a white vest, which Guitman left with him in lieu of money, to pay for board when Mr. Salaman was running the Mansion house at Waukesha. Mr. Salaman suggests that the vest may be worn by Guitman on the occasion which will make the day memorable in rendering justice to our departed leader by punishing the criminal.

This evening Rev. Frank P. Woodbury, delivers at the Congregational church the last of his course of illustrated lectures. It is said that he has saved the best of the wine to the last of the feast, but if the lecture is only on a par with those which have gone before it will merit a crowded house. The paintings and charts exhibited by him, together with his graphic word-pictures, form an interesting and instructive entertainment, which none of those interested in Bible study and the history of religions can afford to miss.

To-morrow evening Simon's comedy company will open their week's engagement at the Opera house. To-morrow evening they will play "The Female Detective." The prices are so low that all can afford to attend. The Reedsburg Free Press says: "This company is composed of as good actors as travel, and their three performances in this place gave the best of satisfaction. Saturday evening was produced 'The Female Detective or Tracked to Death.' Mr. and Mrs. Simon, Amelia Waugh and Frank P. Lindon are well up in the profession, and their several parts were rendered in good shape."

Last year the State school fund received for fines collected in different counties of the State over \$10,000. Of this amount Rock county contributed more than one fifth, its payment being about \$2,000, while even Milwaukee county paid only a little over \$200. The State made a test case of Rock county, which accounts for the amount collected here. It seems as if the other counties ought to be made to come to the scratch, and pay over their full shares, now that the decision has been reached which clears up the legal cloud which rested on the State's claim. The fines collected in this county this year will amount to over \$1,000, which will also have to be paid to the State school fund.

SCHMIDT'S SCRAP. An alleged confidence game was successfully played in Chicago last Friday night, one of the workers of which is said to be "Morris" Schmitt, as he is known there, a one-eyed fellow, who formerly lived here, and who is so well known in this vicinity, that some of the details of the scheme will prove interesting. The victims were two men from Atlanta, Georgia, one a cotton broker, and the other a planter. A man calling himself Post visited Atlanta last October, and represented to them that he was visiting the South in the interest of a rich capitalist, who was thinking of investing in cotton and land, and aroused considerable enthusiasm about entering into a company, with \$10,000. Post returned to Chicago to consult with his friend, the capitalist, and then telegraphed the southern gentlemen to come there and complete the organization. They arrived Thursday, and the quiet, middle-aged one of whom proved to be Schmitt, who was represented as the capitalist under the alias of Starkes, the southerners had \$1,750 cash with them, and an agreement was reached by which the two Chicago fellows were to put in the balance of the \$10,000. The fellow named Post got possession of the \$1,750 and during the course of the transaction, explained that by a mistake of "the capitalists" the clerk the \$10,000 had been sent to the address of one of the southern gentlemen at Atlanta. He had left his clerk a memorandum to send \$10,000 to a Louisville party, and to draw out \$10,000 for the Atlanta scheme, and the clerk mistaking the memorandum had sent both packages of money off. The Atlanta gentlemen would find the whole amount there on their return. An express receipt was shown to prove the money had been sent. It called for only \$40, but this was explained by the fact that they wanted to save expense in sending the money, and hence had marked the envelope with the small amount. The southern men had their suspicions aroused, and Schmitt was arrested. His companion could not be found. Schmitt demanded the charge and claimed that the southerners had come to Chicago to get a large amount of counterfeit money to use in speculations, and had been "done for." He took a change of venue to Justice Summerfield, by whom he was discharged.

Silver-plated ware, jewelry watches, etc. Nice presents for the holidays. You can buy them at your own prices next Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon and evening sales, at Heintz's old store on Main Street. G. W. Wheeler is the auctioneer.

Do not be deceived. By the unthinking, Bartolock has been considered a weak and inferior growth, unpleasant smell, etc. has rendered it, to those "not knowing its virtues," a nuisance, and yet the root has long been acknowledged by savants as most diuretic, aperient and blood purifier. Bartolock Blood Bitters embody all its good qualities. Price \$1.00 trial size 10 cents.

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CHRISTMAS CONGRATULATIONS. Yesterday at the monthly meeting of the Young Ladies' Sodality of St. Patrick's church, the pastor, Rev. Father McGinnity, was completely and happily surprised by being the recipient of a congratulatory presentation on the part of the young ladies of the Sodality, who through Miss Julia Dunn, addressed him the following letter, very nicely engrossed, and pleasingly decorated with floral designs, and ribbon, and bearing in brightly colored letters the title:—"Christmas Congratulations to Rev. E. M. McGinnity."

Highly Esteemed Dear Reverend Father: How ardently do we desire to give you some mark of our esteem, love and gratitude for all that we owe you, kind Father, for your paternal care and solicitude, your untiring, self-sacrificing zeal for our spiritual and temporal welfare.

We have but to take a view of your numberless acts of kindness in the course of the past year, to estimate the extent of our happiness in possessing so truly zealous a pastor. A thousand thanks with the sincere wish and prayer that God may richly reward you and grant us the grace to prove ourselves truly grateful.

May the Infant Jesus sweetly smile upon your parish during this Holy Season, shedding grace and joy thereon, and filling the hearts of your faithful children with zeal and fervor for the duties of our holy religion, so that this congregation may flourish more and more, affording you that true consolation which assures every care and trial.

Many, many years may your precious life be spared, that you may continue to acquire the richest merits to embellish your crown of eternal joy, till you shall take possession of the throne prepared for those who have so nobly devoted themselves to apostolic labors for the salvation of souls.

Accept, dear Father, with these wishes, the accompanying gifts, as a small token of our sincere respect and gratitude. Begging your blessing and prayer, we are, Dear Reverend Father,

Yours faithful and devoted children,

YOUNG LADIES OF THE SODALITY.

Accompanying this letter were two large and very fine oil paintings, and an elegant morocco dressing case. The surprised pastor in accepting the letter and gifts, acknowledged his thanks in very befitting words, and pronounced his blessing upon those who had thus given expression to their kindly feelings.

Cause and Effect. The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.

Miraculous Diet. "Your Spring Blossom is a success. I certainly think its effects are wonderful. All the dyspeptic symptoms I complained of have vanished; my wife is also enthusiastic in praise of it; she was disfigured by blotches and pimples on her face, and had a continuous headache. She is all right now, and all unsightly eruptions have gone. You may refer my doubting parties to me."

"R. M. WILLIAMS, Elk Street, Buffalo." Price 10 cents, trial bottles 10 cents. Sold by A. J. Roberts, and Sherer & Co.

PERSONAL.

—Mrs. Buffum, of Winona, Minnesota, has arrived here to spend the holiday season with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Chittenden.

—H. M. Hart, assistant general agent of the Mutual Life insurance company, is in the city, and is as full of facts and figures as ever, to show that his company is the best in the world.

—Rev. O. A. Curtis expects his brother William, to visit him within a few days, from Nebraska. It has been eight years since the brothers have had such a chance to meet.

—Carl Balch, who is now telegraph operator at Deerfield, spent Sunday with his parents in this city.

—Dr. Buckmaster of the State asylum for the insane at Madison, is in the city to-day.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Lane left to-day for their new home in Caldwell, Kan., the place which was yesterday the scene of much excitement, due to the fact that the "cowboys" made a raid on the town, the particulars of the trouble being given in the telegraphic columns. Their friends will feel a little anxious concerning them until matters are quieted again.

THE NEW CHAPEL.

The new chapel of the Congregational church has so neared completion that it is already occupied in part, and to-day the workmen have commenced laying the floor in the Sunday school room, which work has been delayed, because the mortar used for deadening the floor has dried so slowly. The chapel will be dedicated probably the first week in January. The lower floor is divided into rooms, and the hallway and stairway. One room is set apart as the ladies' parlor. It is handsomely carpeted, has a beautiful grate, and is provided with stands, sofa, and other furniture, making it attractive and convenient. Another room is for prayer meeting purposes, and is already provided with two hundred chairs, and can seat comfortably more than two hundred, if necessary. A third room is much smaller, and is for committee purposes, and will also contain the church library. At the end of the hallway is a little room to be used as a kitchen for festival purposes, and will be provided with a gas stove and various dishes and utensils. The rooms on the lower floor of this model chapel are so arranged that they open into each other, and will thus serve for a variety of purposes to meet the varied wants of different church doings.

The whole of the upper floor is in one large room, which will be used for Sunday school purposes. This room will seat five to six hundred, and when finished will be a very attractive and convenient gathering place for the

workers in this line. The chapel in its entirety is a credit to the enterprise of the church, and will prove a great convenience, which will be greatly appreciated by all, and especially by those who have so generously given of their time and money to secure its completion.

THE WEATHER.

REPORTED BY PRENTICE & EVENSON, DEDGETTS. The thermometer at 6 o'clock last night stood at 37 degrees above zero; at 1 o'clock a. m., at 37 degrees above; at 7 o'clock a. m., at 37 degrees above, and at 1 o'clock p. m. at 48 degrees above. Cloudy.

The indications to-day are, warmer, fair weather, followed by increasing cloudiness, and local rains, southerly veering to westerly winds, falling, followed by rising barometer.

FADED OR GRAY HAIR gradually recovers its youthful color and lustre by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam, an elegant dressing, admired for its purity and rich perfume.

COMMERCIAL NEWS.

JANESVILLE MARKETS. Reported for the Gazette by Bump & Gray, Grain and Produce Dealers.

JANESVILLE, December 19. FLOUR—Now Process \$1.20 per sack; Graham \$1.20 per sack; Patent \$2.00 per sack. BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—\$1.25 per sack. MEAL—coarse, \$1.25 per 100 lbs. FINE—\$1.25 per 100 lbs. WHEAT—Winter, \$1.00 per bushel; hard to best spring \$1.15 per bushel; common to fair quality \$1.00 per bushel. RYE—good to best \$1.00 per bushel; common to fair quality \$0.90 per bushel. CORN—Old mixed \$0.75 per bushel; new for 75 the 40s; new shelled 40s; OATS—white 40s; mixed 35s; BUCKWHEAT—\$1.25 per bushel. TIMOTHY SEED—In demand at \$2.00 per bushel. BUTTER—wanted at 20c per lb. for choice. EGGS—wanted at 17c per dozen. HAY—Timothy \$1.00 per ton; Marsh and other kinds \$0.60 per ton. POTATOES—Good demand for shipping at 60c per bushel. LARD—wanted at 17c per lb. for choice. BEANS—wanted at 17c per bushel. RICE—wanted at 17c per bushel. SUGAR—wanted at 17c per bushel. MOLASSES—wanted at 17c per bushel. SYRUP—wanted at 17c per bushel. HONEY—wanted at 17c per bushel. SOAP—wanted at 17c per bushel. CIGARS—wanted at 17c per bushel. TOBACCO—wanted at 17c per bushel. TEA—wanted at 17c per bushel. COFFEE—wanted at 17c per bushel. SPICES—wanted at 17c per bushel. FISH—wanted at 17c per bushel. MEAT—wanted at 17c per bushel. BUTTER—wanted at 17c per bushel. EGGS—wanted at 17c per bushel. HAY—wanted at 17c per bushel. POTATOES—wanted at 17c per bushel. LARD—wanted at 17c per bushel. BEANS—wanted at 17c per bushel. RICE—wanted at 17c per bushel. SUGAR—wanted at 17c per bushel. MOLASSES—wanted at 17c per bushel. SYRUP—wanted at 17c per bushel. HONEY—wanted at 17c per bushel. SOAP—wanted at 17c per bushel. CIGARS—wanted at 17c per bushel. TOBACCO—wanted at 17c per bushel. TEA—wanted at 17c per bushel. COFFEE—wanted at 17c per bushel. SPICES—wanted at 17c per bushel. FISH—wanted at 17c per bushel. MEAT—wanted at 17c per bushel. BUTTER—wanted at 17c per bushel. EGGS—wanted at 17c per bushel. HAY—wanted at 17c per bushel. POTATOES—wanted at 17c per bushel. LARD—wanted at 17c per bushel. BEANS—wanted at 17c per bushel. RICE—wanted at 17c per bushel. SUGAR—wanted at 17c per bushel. MOLASSES—wanted at 17c per bushel. SYRUP—wanted at 17c per bushel. HONEY—wanted at 17c per bushel. SOAP—wanted at 17c per bushel. CIGARS—wanted at 17c per bushel. TOBACCO—wanted at 17c per bushel. TEA—wanted at 17c per bushel. COFFEE—wanted at 17c per bushel. SPICES—wanted at 17c per bushel. FISH—wanted at 17c per bushel. MEAT—wanted at 17c per bushel. BUTTER—wanted at 17c per bushel. EGGS—wanted at 17c per bushel. HAY—wanted at 17c per bushel. POTATOES—wanted at 17c per bushel. LARD—wanted at 17c per bushel. BEANS—wanted at 17c per bushel. RICE—wanted at 17c per bushel. SUGAR—wanted at 17c per bushel. MOLASSES—wanted at 17c per bushel. SYRUP—wanted at 17c per bushel. HONEY—wanted at 17c per bushel. SOAP—wanted at 17c per bushel. CIGARS—wanted at 17c per bushel. TOBACCO—wanted at 17c per bushel. TEA—wanted at 17c per bushel. COFFEE—wanted at 17c per bushel. SPICES—wanted at 17c per bushel. FISH—wanted at 17c per bushel. MEAT—wanted at 17c per bushel. BUTTER—wanted at 17c per bushel. EGGS—wanted at 17c per bushel. HAY—wanted at 17c per bushel. POTATOES—wanted at 17c per bushel. LARD—wanted at 17c per bushel. BEANS—wanted at 17c per bushel. RICE—wanted at 17c per bushel. SUGAR—wanted at 17c per bushel. MOLASSES—wanted at 17c per bushel. SYRUP—wanted at 17c per bushel. HONEY—wanted at 17c per bushel. SOAP—wanted at 17c per bushel. CIGARS—wanted at 17c per bushel. TOBACCO—wanted at 17c per bush